BW-TORK SUPREME COURT. — JOHN
BLACK against THE ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPAI'd Hartford, Connecticut.—Summons for a mensy demand
I'd Hartford, Connecticut.—Summons for a mensy demand
I'd Hartford, Connecticut.—Summons for a mensy demand If thereford, Connecticat, Summens for a meany domains of the contract. To THE SYNA INSURANCE COMPANY, contract. To the SYNA INSURANCE COMPANY, contract. To are bereby summoned and required to answer beneather to this action, of which a copy is nerewith served ecouplaint in this action, of which a copy is nerewith served a you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said compared to the served and the subscriber, at his office, No. 61 Wall street, in the served with the served served, which is the served and for the service hereof, which is the street, and if you fall to answer said complaint which the street, and if you fall to answer will take judgment against you for the sum of two thoused will take judgment against you for the sum of two thoused five hundred dollars, with interest from the thirty-first day (October, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-fire, besides to costs of this action. Dated New York, Dec. 26, 1855.

CHARLES NETTLETON, Plaintiff Attornay. The complaint in this action was fixed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New-York on the 5th day of January, CHARLES NETTLETON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

J. Y. SUPPEME COURT.—ALBERT JOUR-

Y SUPREME COURT.—ALBERT JOURNEAY jumor, BENJAMIN LYNES, and WILLIAM
1 SUBNET.—Summons for noney demand on contract. (Com1 SUPREME TRANKLIN D. CASSORT and DAVID
1 SUBNET.—Summons for noney demand on contract. (Com1 Subnet.—Summons for noney demand on contract. (Com1 Subnet.—Summons for noney demand on contract. (Com1 Subnet.—Summons for none of the defend1 Subnet.—Summons for New York, at the
1 Subnet.—Summons for New York, within twenty
1 Subnet.—Summons on you, exclusive of the
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1 Summons on you, exclusive of your of your
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2 Summons on y

the complaint in this action was field in the office of the City and County of New-York, on the 22th day bember, 1855.

BARNEY, HUMPHREY & BUTLER, all laws-M

CUPERIOR COURT of the City of New-York. UPERIOR COURT of the City of New-York.

—THE EMPIRE BUILDING AND MUTUAL LOAN
MOCIATION set, JOHN BOYD and others.—In pursance
syndement order in the action entitled an action bearing date
eay of December, 1825, will be sold at public acciton at
Metchente' Eachange, in the City of New-York, on the 11th
of February, A.D. 1826, at 12 m, under the direction of the
meriphed referee, all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land
metal the Sixteenth Ward of the City of New-York, and
metal accusibled on a map on file in the office of the Register of
the City and County of New-York, budging to John B.
tyring, and Jane, his wife, daughter of Thomas Gardiner,
that New-York, New-mber 29, 1844, compiled from surveys in
theel Commissioner's Office, and Isid out into lots by John
block, City Surveyor, by the numbertien (194) and on the
eatherly side of Thirty-fifthet, distant four hundred and
retary-live feet centerly from the southerly corner of Seventhaw,
at Thirty fifthet, theore running southerly and parallel with
all Seventhaw, minety-eight feet and nine inches, thonce can'dy and parallel with Thirth-fifthet, twenty-live foet, thence scinerif and parallel with said Seventh-av, ninetve-sight of sine linches, thence westerly and along the said south we if Thirty fifth at twenty-five feet to the place of beginn feer-Fork, January 12, 1856. D. T. WALDEN, STEVENS & HOXIE, Plaintiff's Attorneys. Referee half 2wwSwMo&Th.

New-York Daily Tribane

LITTLE DORRIT.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHILD OF THE MARSHALSEA.

The baby whose first draught of air had been tinemed with Dr. Haggage's brandy, was handed down mong the generations of collegians, like the tradition of their common parent. In the earlier stages of her unstence, she was handed down in a literal and procase size; it being almost a part of the entrance footing of sery new collegian to nurse the child who had been in in the college.

"By rights," remarked the turnkey, when she was fast shown to him, "I ought to be her godifather."

The debtor irresolutely thought of it for a minute, and said. "Perhaps you wouldn't object to really being her godifather."

"Oh! I dont object," replied the turnkey, "if you son't."

ton't."

Thus it came to pass that she was christened one sanday afternoon, when the turnkey, being relieved, ms off the lock: that the turnkey went up to the font a Saint George's Church, and promised and vowed, as a himself related when he came back, "like a good

m."

This invested the turnkey with a new proprietary sare in the child, over and above his official one. When she began to walk and talk, he became fond of ser, bought a little arm-chair and stood it by the high tesder of the lodge fireplace: liked to have her company when he was on the lock; and used to bribe ser with cheap toys to come and talk to him. The child, for her part, soon grew so fond of the turnkey that she would come climbing up the lodge-steps of her own accord at all hours of the day. When she fell askey in the little arm-chair by the high fender, the turnkey would cover her with his pocket handkerchief; and when she sat in it dressing and undressing a doll—which soon came to be unlike dolls on the other side of the lock, and to bear a horrible family resemblance to the lock, and to bear a horrible family resemblance to the lock, and to bear a horrible family resemblance to the lock, and to bear a horrible family resemblance to the lock, and to bear a horrible family resemblance to the day the set things, the collegians would express an opinion that the turnkey, who was a bachelor, had been at out by nature for a family man. But the turnkey manked them, and said "No, on the whole it was county for him to see other people's children there."

At what period of her early life, the little creature bean to perceive that it was not the habit of all the wild to live locked up in narrow yards surrounded beingh walls with spikes at the top, would be a difficit question to settle. But she was a very, very little easure indeed, when she had somehow gained the kowledge, that her clasp of her father's hand was to be always loosened at the door which the great key cened; and that while her own light steps were free This invested the turnkey with a new proprietary

epned; and that while her own light steps were free spass beyond it, his feet must never cross that line. A)titful and plaintive look, with which she had begun

toregard him when she was still extremely young We perhaps a part of this discovery.

With a pitiful and plaintive look for everything inord, but seemching in it for only him that was lie protection, this Child of the Marshalsea and child the Father of the Marshalsea, sat by her friend the brike vin the lodge, kept the family room, or wan-ored about the prison-yard, for the first eight years or briffe. With a pitiful and plaintive look for her Tayward sister; for her idle brother; for the high tark walls; for the faded crowd they shut in; for the

nucs of the prison children as they whooped and ran, and played at hide and seek, and made the iron bars the inner gateway "Home."
Wistini and wondering, she would sit in summer wather by the high fender in the Ledge, looking up at leeky through the barred window, until bars of lets would arise, when she turned her eyes away, better would arise, when she turned her eyes away, better her and, her friend, and she would see him though a grating, too.

"Thinking of the fields," the turnkey said once,

ther watching her, "ain't you?"
"Where are they?" she inquired.
"Why, they're—over there, my dear," said the trakey, with a vague flourish of his key. "Just

brukey, with a vague Bourish of them? Are continued and shut them? Are "Does anybody open them, and shut them? Are "Wall!" he said,

turnkey was discomfited. "Well!" he said, not in general."
"Are they very pretty, Bob?" She called him Bob,

"Are they very pretty, Bob !" She called him Bob, by his own particular request and instruction.
"Lovely. Full of flowers. There's buttercups, at there's daisies, and there's "—the turnkey heated, being short of floral nomenelature—"there's indebtors, and all manner of games."
"Is it very pleasant to be there, Bob !"
"Prime," said the turnkey.
"Was father ever there !"
"Hem!" coughed the turnkey. "Oh year he was

"Was father ever there?"
"Hem!" coughed the turnkey. "Oh yes, he was like, sometimes."
"Is he sorry not to be there now?"
"K—not particular," said the turnkey.
"Nor any of the people?" she asked, glancing at said the strong of the people?" of the year and was likeless crowd within. "O are you quite sure and was likely?"

ezain, Bob !

Attha difficult point of the conversation Bob gave a tad changed the subject to hard-bake: always his last resource when he found his little friend getting into a political, social, or theological corner. But his was the origin of a series of Sunday excursions that these two curious companions made together. Bey used to issue from the Lodge on alternate Sun-They used to issue from the Lodge on alternate Suny afternoons with great gravity, bound for some
neadows or green lanes that had been elaborately apjusted by the turnkey in the course of the week;
set there she picked grass and flowers to bring home,
like he smoked his pipe. Afterward, there were teareisns, shrimps, ale, and other delicacies; and then
tay would come back hand in hand, unless she was
to than usually tired, and had fallen asleep on his
scalder.

a those early days, the turnkey first began pro feedly to consider a question which cost him so much metal labor, that it remained undetermined on the tays his death. He decided to will and bequeathe at the property of savings to his godehid, and the property has been saving to his godehid, and the attle property of savings to his godehild, and the long arcse how could it be so "tied up" as that only see should have the benefit of it? His experience is as keek gave him such an acute perception of the manous difficulty of "tying up" money with any apprach to tightness, and contrariwise of the remarkable with which it got loose, that through a series of has he regularly propounded this knotty point to very new insolvent agent and other professional general who passed in and out.

Supposing," he would say, stating the case with his ty, on the professional gentleman's waistroat; "supposing and wanted to leave his progression avoing the same wanted to leave his progression as young

the professional gentleman's waistcoat; "sup-ing a man wanted to leave his property to a young mae, and wanted to tie it up so that nobody else

should ever be able to make a grab at it; how would

should ever be able to make a grab at it; how would you tie up that property!"

"Settle it strictly on herwelf," the professional gentleman would complacently answer.

"But look here," quoth the turnkey. "Supposing she had, say a brother, say a father, say a husband, who would be likely to make a grab at that property when she came into it—how about that?"

"It would be settled on herself, and they would have no more legal claim on it than you," would be the professional answer.

the professional answer.

"Stop a bit," said the turnkey. "Supposing she was tender-hearted, and they came over her. Where's your law for tying it up then?"

Your law for tying it up then?"

The deepest character whom the turnkey sounded, was unable to produce his law for tying up such a knot as that. So, the turnkey thought about it all his life, and died intestate after all.

But that see the second of the

and died intestate after all.

But that was long afterward, when his god-daughter
was past sixteen. The first half of that space of her
life was only just accomplished, when her pittful and
plaintive look saw her father a widower. From that time the protection that her wondering eyes had ex-pressed toward him, became embodied in action, and the Child of the Marshalsea took upon herself a new

relation toward the Father.

At first, such a baby could do little more than sit with him, deserting her livelier place by the high fender, and quietly watching him. But this made her so far necessary to him that he became accustomed to her, and began to be sensible of missing her when she was not there. Through this little gate, she passed out of

childhood into the care-haden world.

What her pitiful look saw, at that early time, in her father, in her sister, in her brother, in the jail; how much, or how little of the wretched truth it pleased God to make visible to her; lies hidden with many mysteries. It is enough that she was inspired to be something which was not what the rest were, and to be that we will be something different and lobering for the asks. be that something, different and laborious, for the sake of the rest. Inspired? Yes. Shall we speak of the inspiration of the poet or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love and self-devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life!

With no earthly friend to help her, or so much as to see, her, but the one so strangely assorted, with no

in the lowliest way of life!

With no carthly friend to help her, or so much as to see her, but the one so strangely assorted; with no knowledge even of the common daily tone and habits of the common members of the free sommunity who are not shut up in prisons; born and bred, in a social condition, false even with a reference to the falsest condition outside the walls; drinking from infancy of a well whose waters had their own peculiar stain, their own unwholesome and unnatural taste; the Child of the Marshalsea began her womanly life.

No matter through what mistakes and discouragements, what ridicule (not unkindly meant, but deeply felt) of her youth and little figure, what humble consciousness of her own babyhood and want of strength, even in the matter of lifting and carrying; through how much weariness and hopelessness, and how many secret tears; she drudged on, until recognized as useful, even indispensable. That time came. She took the place of the eldest of the three, in all things but precedence; was the head of the fallen family; and bore, in her own heart, its anxieties and shames.

At thirteen, she could read and keep accounts—that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessaries that they wanted would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks at a time, to an evening school outside, and got her sister and brother sent to day-schools by decultory starts, during three or four years. There was no instruction for any of them at home; but she knew well—no one better—that a man so broken as to be the Father of the Marshalsea, could be no father to his own children.

To these scanty means of improvement, she added another of her own contriving. Once, among the heterogeneous crowd of inmates there appeared a dancingmaster. Her sister had a great desire to learn the dancing-masters art, and seemed to have a taste that way. At thirteen years old, the Child of the Marshalsea presented herself to the dancing-master, with a little bag in her

petition.

"If you please, I was born here, sir."

"Oh! You are the young lady, are you?" said the dancing-master, surveying the small figure and up-

lifted face.
"Yes, sir."
"And what can I do for you?" said the dancing-

"Yes, sir."

"And what can I do for you?" said the dancing-master.

"Nothing for me, sir, thank you," anxiously undrawing the strings of the little bag; "but if, while you stay here, you could be so kind as to teach my sister cheap—"

"My child, I'll teach her for nothing," said the dancing-master, shutting up the bag. He was as good-natured a dancing-master as ever danced to the Insolvent Court, and he kept his word. The sister was so apt a pupil, and the dancing-master had such abundant leisure to bestow upon her (for it took him a matter of ten weeks to set to his creditors, lead off, turn the Commissioners, and right and left back to his professional pursuits), that wonderful progress was made. Indeed the dancing-master was so proud of it, and so wishful to display it before he left, to a few select friends among the collegians, that at six o'clock on a certain fine morning a minuet de la cour came off in the yard—the college-rooms being of too confined proportions for the purpose—in which so much ground was covered, and the steps were so conscientiously executed, that the dancing-master, having to play the kit besides, was thoroughly blown.

The success of this beginning, which led to the dancing-master's continuing his instruction after his release, emboldened the poor child to try again. She watched and waited months, for a seamstress. In the fullness of time a milliner came in, and to her she repaired on her own behalf.

"I beg pardon ma am," she said, looking timidly

fullness of time a milliner came in, and to her she repaired on her own behalf.

"I beg pardon ma'am," she said, looking timidly round the door of the milliner whom she found in tears and in bed: "but I was born here."

Everybody seemed to hear of her as soon as they arrived; for the milliner sat up in bed, drying her eyes, and said, just as the dancing-master had said:

"Gh! You are the child, are you!"

"Yes, ma'am."
"I am sorry I haven't got anything for you," said e milliner, chaking her head.
"It's not that, ma'am. If you please I want to arn needlework."

"Why should you do that," returned the milliner,
"with me before you? It has not done me much good ?"
"Nothing-whatever it is-seems to have done any

body much good who comes here," she returned in all simplicity: but I want to learn, just the same."
"I am afraid you are so weak, you see," the milliner objected.
"I don't think I am weak, ma'am."

"I don't think I am weak, ma'am."

"And you are so very, very little, you see," the milliner objected.

"Yes, I am afraid I am very little indeed, "returned the Child of the Marshalsea; and so began to sob over that unfortunate defect of hers, which came so often in her way. The milliner—who was not morese or hard-hearted, only newly insolvent—was touched, took her is hand with good-will, found her the most patient and carnest of pupils, and made her a cuaning workwoman in course of time.

In course of time, and in the very self-same course.

in course of time.

In course of time, and in the very self-same course of time, the Father of the Marshalsea gradually developed a new power of character. The more fatherly he grew as to the Marshalsea, and the more dependant he became on the contributions of his changing family, the greater stand he made by his foriorn gentility. With the same hand that had pocketed a collegian's half-crown half an hour ago, he would wipe away the tears that streamed over his cheeks if any reference were made to his daughters' earning their bread. So, over and above her other daily cares, the Child of the Marshalsea had always upon her, the care of preserving the genteel fiction that they were all idle beggars together.

The sister became a dancer. There was a rained uncle in the family group—ruined by his brother, the Father of the Marshalsea, and knowing no more how than his ruiner did, but accepting the fact as an inevitable certainty—on whom her protection devolved. Naturally a retired and simple man, he had shown no particular sense of being ruined, at the time when that caismity fell upon him, further than that he left off washing himself when the shock was announced, and never took to that luxury any more. He had been a very indifferent musical amateur in his better days and when he fell with his brother, resorted for support to playing a clarionet as dirty as himself in a small Theater Orchestra. It was the theater in which his niece became a dancer; he had been a fixture there a long time when she took her poor station in it; and he accepted the task of serving as her escort and guardian, just as he would have accepted an illness, a legacy, a feast, starvation—anything but soap.

To enable this girl to earn her few weekly shillings, it was necessary for the Child of the Marshalsea to go through an elaborate form with the Father.

"Fanny is not going to live with us, just now, father. She will be here a good deal in the day, but she is going to live outside with uncle."

"You surprise me. Why!" Ogether.
The sister became a dancer. There was a rained

father. She will be here a good deal in the day, but she is going to live outside with uncle."
"You surprise me. Why!"
"I think uncle wants a companion, father. He should be attended to, and looked after."
"A companion? He spends much of his time here. And you attend to him and look after him, Amy, a great deal more than ever your sister will. You all go out so much; you all go out so much."
This was to keep up the ceremony and pretense of his having no idea that Amy herself went out by the day to work.

day to work.

But we are always very glad to come home, father; now, are we not? And as to Fanny, perhaps beside keeping uncle company and taking care of him, it may be as well for her not quite to live here, always. She was not born here as I was, you know, father."

father."
"Well, Amy, well. I don't quite follow you, but it's natural, I suppose that Fanny should prefer to be outside, and even that you often should, too. So, you

and Fanny and your uncle, my dear, shall have your own way. Good, good. I'll not meddle; don't mind

me."

To get her brother out of the prison; out of the suc-To get her brother out of the prison; ont of the succession to Mrs. Bangham in executing commissions, and out of the slang interchange with very doubtful companions, consequent upon both; was her hardest task. At eighteen he would have dragged on from hand to mouth, from hour to hour, from penny to penny, until eighty. Nobody got into the prison from whom he derived anything useful or good, and she could find no patron for him but her old friend and god-fasher.

"Dear Bob," said she, "what is to become of poor Tip?" His name was Edward, and Ted had been transformed into Tip, within the walls.

The turnkey had strong private opinions as to what would become of poor Tip, and had even gone so far with the view of averting their fulfillment, as to sound Tip in reference to the expediency of running away and going to serve his country. But, Tip had tanked him, and said he didn't seem to care for his country.

"Well my dear," said the turnkey, "something ought to be done with him. Suppose I try and get him into the law!"

"That would be so good of you, Bob!"

The turnkey had now two points to put to the professional gentlemen as they passed in and out. He put

"That would be so good of you, Bob!"

The turnkey had now two points to put to the professional gentlemen as they passed in and out. He put this second one so perseveringly, that a stool and twelve shillings a week were at last found for Tip in the office of an attorney in a great National Palladium called the Palace Court; at that time one of a considerable list of everlasting bulwarks to the dignity and safety of Albion, whose places know them no more.

Tip languished in Chiford's Inn for six months, and at the expiration of that term, sanntered back one evening with his hands in his pockets, and incidentally observed to his sister that he was not going back again." Not going back again!" said the poor little anxious Child of the Marshalsea, always calculating and planning for Tip, in the front rank of her charges.

"I am so tim d of it," said Tip, "that I have cut it." Tip tired of everything. With intervals of Marshalsea lounging, and Mrs. Bangham succession, his small second mother, aided by her trusty friend, got him into a warehouse, into a market garden, into the hop trade, into the law again, into a stockbroker's, into the law again, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a

a warehouse, into a market garden, into the hop trade, into the law again, into an auctioneer's, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a general dealer's, into a distillery, into the law again, into a wool house, into the foreign fruit trade, and into the docks. But whatever Tip went into, he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it. Wherever he went, this foredoomed Tip appeared to take the prison walls with him, and to set them up in such trade or calling; and to prowi about within their narrow limits in the old slip-shod, purposeless, down-at-heel way; until the real immovable Marshalsea walls asserted their faccination over him, and brought him back.

Nevertheless, the brave little creature did so fix her heart on her brother's rescue, that while he was ringing out these doleful changes, she pinched and scraped enough together to ship him for Canada. When he was tired of nothing to do, and disposed in its turn to cut even that, he graciously consented to go to Canada. And there was grief in her bosom over parting with him, and joy in the hope of his being put in a straight course at last.

"God bless you, dear Tip. Don't be too proud to come and see us, when you have made your fortune,"

"All rick!" said Tin, and went.

"God bless you, dear Tip. Don't be too proud to come and see us, when you have made your fortune," "All right!" said Tip, and went.

But not all the way to Canada: in fact, not further than Liverpool. After making the voyage to that port from London, he found himself so strongly impelled to cut the vessel, that he resolved to walk back again. Carrying out which intention, he presented himself before her at the expiration of a month, in rage, without shoes, and much more tired than ever.

At length, after another interval of successorship to Mrs. Bangham, he found a pursuit for himself, and announced it.

nounced it.
'Amy, I have got a situation."

"Have you really and traly, Tip?"
"All right. I shall do now. You needn't look anxious about me any more, old girl.

anxious about me any more, old girl.

"What is it, Tip?"

"Why, you know Slingo by sight?"

"Not the man they call the dealer?"

"That's the chap. He'll be out on Monday, and he's going to give me a berth."

"What is he a dealer is, Tip?"

"Horses. All right! I shall do now, Amy."

She lost sight of him for months afterward, and only heard from him once. A whisper passed among the elder collegians that he had been seen at a mock and tion in Moorfields, pretending to buy plated articles for massive silver, and paying for them with the greatest liberality in bank notes; but it never reached her ears. One evening she was alone at work—standing up at the window, to save the twilight lingering above the wall—when he opened the door and walked in. up at the window, to save the twilight lingering above the wall—when he opened the door and walked in. She kissed and welcomed him, but was afraid to ask him any question. He saw how anxious and timid she was, and appeared sorry.
"I am afraid, Amy, you'll be vexed this time. Upon my life I am!"
"I am very sorry to hear you say so, Tip. Have you come back!"
"Why—yes."
"Not expecting this time that what you had found would answer very well, I am less surprised and sorry than I might have been, Tip."
"Ah! but that's not the worst of it."
"Not the worst of it!"

"Ah! but that's not the worst of it."
"Not the worst of it?"
"Don't look so startled. No, Amy, not the worst of it. I have come back, you see: but—don't look so startled—I have come back in what I may call a new way. I am off the volunteer list altogether. I am in now, as one of the regulars."
"Oh! Don't say you are a prisoner, Tip! Don't,

"Well, I don't want to say it," he returned in a re-luctant tone; "but if you can't understand me with-out my saying it, what am I to do? I am in for forty For the first time in all those years, she sunk under

She cried, with her clasped hands lifted her cares. She cried, with her casped hands litted above her head, that it would kill their father if he ever knew it; and fell down at Tip's graceless feet.

It was easier for Tip to bring her to her senses than for her to bring him to understand that the Father of the Marshalsea would be beside himself if he knew the truth. The thing was incomprehensible to Tip, and altogether a fanciful notion. He yielded to it in that light each when he submitted to her entreaties. altogether a fanciful notion. He yielded to it in that light only, when he submitted to her entreaties, backed by those of his uncle and sister. There was no want of precedent for his return; it was accounted for to the father in the usual way; and the collegians, with a better comprehension of the pious fraud than Tip, supported it loyally.

This was the life, and this the history, of the Child of the Marshalsea, at twenty-two. With a still supported it has the life, and t

of the Marshalees, at twenty-two. With a still sur-viving attachment to the one miserable yard and block of houses as her birthplace and home, she assed to and fro in it shrinkingly now, with a woman-y consciousness that she was pointed out to every ne. Since she had begun to work beyond the walls, he had found it necessary to conceal where she live i, and to come and go as secretly as she could between the free city and the iron gates, outside of which she had never slept in her life. Her original timidity had

had never slept in her life. Her original timidity had grown with this concealment, and her light step and her little figure shunned the thronged streets while they passed along them.

Worldly wise in hard and poor necessities, she was insocent in all things else. Innocent, in the mist through which she saw her father, and the prisen, and the turbid living river that flowed through it and flowed on.

flowed on.

This was the life, and this the history, of Little Dorrit; now going home upon a dull September evening observed at a distance by Arthur Clennam. This was the life, and this the history, of Little Dornit; turning at the end of London Bridge, recrossing it, going back again, passing on to Saint George's Church, turning back suddenly once more, and flitting in at the open outer gate and little courtyard of the Marshakers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LECK.

Arthur Clennam stood in the street, waiting to ask some passer-by what place that was. He suffered a few people to pass him in whose faces there was no encouragement to make the inquiry, and still stood pausing in the street, when an old man came up and turned is the court ward.

ing in the street, when an old man came up and turned into the court-yard.

He stopped a good deal, and plodded along in a slow preoccupied manner, which made the bustling London thoroughfares no very safe resort for him. He was dirtily and meanly dressed, in a threadbare coat, once blue, reaching to his ankles and buttoned to his chin, where it vanished in the pale ghost of a velvet collar. A piece of red cloth with which that phantom had been stiffened in its lifetime was now laid bare, and A piece of red cloth with which that phantom had been stiffened in its lifetime was now laid bare, and poked itself up, at the back of the old man's neck, into a confusion of gray hair and rusty stock and buckle which altogether nearly poked his hat off. A greasy hat it was, and a napless; impending over his eyes, cracked and crumpled at the brim, and with a wisp of pocket handkerchief dangling out below it. His trowsers were so long and loose, and his shoes so clumsy and large, that he shuffled like an elephant; though how much of this was gait, and how much trailing cloth and leather, no one could have told. Under one arm he carried a limp and worn-out case, containing some wind instrument; in the same hand he had a pennyworth of snuff in a little packet of whity-brown paper, from which he slowly comforted his poor old blue nose with a lengthened-out pinch, as Arthur

brown paper, from which he slowly comforted his poor old blue nose with a lengthened-out pluch, as Arthur Clempan looked at him.

To this old man, crossing the court-yard, he preferred his inquiry, touching him on the shoulder. The old man stopped and looked round, with the expression in his weak gray eyes of one whose thoughts had been far off, and who was a little dull of hearing also.

"Pray, sir," said Arthur, repeating his question, "what is this place!" returned the old man, staying

his pinch of snuff on its road, and pointing at the place without looking at it. "This is the Marshalses, sir."

"The debtors prison?"
"Sir," said the old man, with the air of deeming it "Sir," said the old man, with the air of decimals in not quite necessary to insist upon that designation, "the debters' prison." He turned himself about, and went on.
"I beg your pardon," said Arthur, stopping him once more, "but will you allow me to ask you another

once more, "but will you ahow me ?"
question? Can any one go in here?"
"Any one can go in," replied the old man; plainly
adding by the significance of his emphasis, "but k is
adding by the significance of his emphasis." ot every one can go out."
"Pardon me once more. Are you familiar with the

place!"
"Sir." returned the old man, squeezing his little

packet of souff in his hard, and turning upon his inter-rogater as if such questions hurt him, "I am."

"I beg you to excuse me. I am not impertinently curious, but have a good object. Do you know the name of Dornit here?"

ame of Dorit here?"

"My name, sir." replied the old man most unexpectedly, "is Dorit."

Arthur pulled off his hat to him. "Grant me the favor of half a dezen words. I was wholly upprepared for your announcement, and hope that assurance as my sufficient apology for having taken the liberty of addressing you. I have recently come home to England after a long absence. I have seen at my mother's—Mrs. Clemaan in the city—a young woman working at her needle, whom I have only heard addressed or speken of as Little Dorrit. I have feit sincerely interested in her, and have had a great desire to know something more about he I saw her, not a minute before you came up, pass in at that door.

The old man looked at him attentively. "Are you

The old man looked at him attentively. The old man looked at him attentively. "Are you a sailor, sir!" he asked. He seemed a little disappointed by the shake of the head that replied to him. 'Not a sailor! I judged from your sunbarnt face that you might be. Are you in earnest, sir!"

"I do assure you that I am, and do entreat you to believe that I am, in plain earnest."

"I know very little of the world, sir," returned the

"I know very little of the world, sir," returned the other, who had a weak and quavering voice. "I am merely passing on, like the shadow overthe sun-dial. I would be worth no man's while to mislead me; it would really be too casy—too poor a success, to yield any satisfaction. The young woman whom you saw go in here is my brother's child. My brother is William Dorni; I am Frederick. You say you have seen her at your mother's [I know your mother befriends her), you have felt an interest in her, and you wish to know what she does here. Come and see."

He went on again, and Arthur accompanied him.

He went on again, and Arthur accompanied him. "My brother," said the old man, pausing on the step, and slowly facing round again, " has been here many years; and much that happens even among ourselves.

and slowly facing round again, "has been here many years; and much that happens even among ourselves, out of deors, is kept from him for reasons that Ineedal; enter upon now. Be so good as to say nothing of my niece's working at her needle. Be so good as to say nothing that goes beyond what is said among us. If you keep within our bounds, you cannot well be wrong. Now! Come and see."

Arthur followed him down a narrow entry, a' the end of which a key was turned, and a strong door was opened from within. It admitted them into a lodge or lobby, across which they passed, and so through another door and a grating into the prison. The old man always plodding on before, turned round, in his slow, stiff, stooping manner, when they came to the turnkey no duty, as if to present his companion. The turnkey nodded; and the companion passed in without being asked whom he wanted.

The night was dark; and the prison lamps in the yard, and the candles in the prison windows fainly shining behind many sorts of way old curtain and blind, hid not the air of making it lighter. A few people loite, ead about, but the greater part of the population was within doors. The old man taking the right-hand side of the yard, turned in at the third or fourth doorway, and began to ascend the stairs. "They are rather dark, sir, but you will not find anything in the way."

He paused for a moment before opening a door on the second story. He had no sooner turned the handle, than the visitor saw Dornit, and saw the reason of her setting so much store by dining alone.

She had brought the meat home that she should have eaten herself, and was already warming it on a gridiron over the fire, for her father, clad in an old grey

She had brought the meat home that she should have eaten herself, and was already warming it on a gridiron over the fire, for her father, clad in an old grey gown and a black cap, awaiting his supper at the table. A clean cloth was apread before him, with knife, fork, and spoon, salt-cellar, pepper-box, glass and pewter-ale-pot. Such zests as his particular little phial of cayenne pepper, and his pennyworth of pickles in a saucer, were not wanting.

She started, colored deeply, and turned white. The visitor, more with his eyes than by the slight inpulsive motion of his hand, entreated her to be reassured and to trust him.

to trust him.
"I found this gentleman," said the uncle-" Mr. Clennam, William, son of Amy's friend—at the outer gate, wishful, as he was going by, of paying his re-spects, but he sitating whether to come in or not. This

spects, but hesitating whether to come in or not is my brother William, sir."

"I hope," said Arthur, very doubtful what to say, "that my respect for your daughter may explain and justify my desire to be presented to you, sir."

"Mr. Clennam," returned the other, rising, taking his cap off in the flat of his hand, and so holding it, ready to put on again, "you do me honor. You are welcome, sir." With a low bow. "Frederick, a chair.

Preserved to be a with a low bow. "Frederick, a chair.

Pray sit down, Mr. Clennam."

He put his black cap on again as he had taken it off, and resumed his own seat. There was a wonderful air of benignity and patronage in his manner.

These were the ceremonies with which he received the

collegians. "You are welcome to the Marshalsea, sir. I have welcomed many gertlemen to these walls. Perhaps you are aware—my daughter Amy may have men-tioned—that I am the Father of this place." "I—so I have understood," said Arthur, dashing at

the assertion.

"You know, I dare say, that my daughter Amy was hern here. A good girl, sir, a dear girl, and long a comfort and support to me. Amy, my dear, put the dish on; Mr. Clennam will excuse the primitive customs to which we are reduced here. It is a compliment to ask you if you would do me the honor, sir,

"Thank you," returned Arthur. "Not a morsel." He felt himself quite lost in wonder at the manner of the man, and that the probability of his daughter's

the man, and that the probability of his daughter's having had a reserve as to her family history, should be so far out of his mind.

She filled his glass, put all the little matters on the table ready to his hand, and then sat beside him while he ate his supper. Evidently in observance of their nightly custom, she put some bread before herself, and touched his glass with her lips; but Authur saw she was troubled and took nothing. Her look at her father, haf admiring him and proud of him, had-ashamed for him, all devoted and loving, went to his innest heart.

ashamed for him, all devoted and loving, went to his innest heart.

The Father of the Marshalsea condescended toward his brother as an amiable, well-meaning man; a private character who had not arrived at distinction.

"Frederick," said he, "you and Fanny sup at your lodgings to night, I know. What have you done with Fanny, Frederick!"

"She is walking with Tip."

"Tip—as you may know—is my son, Mr. Clennam. He has been a little wild, and difficult to settle, but his is reacher to the world was rather!—be abrugged.

his introduction to the world was rather —he shrugged his shoulders with a faint sigh, and looked round the room—"a little adverse. Your first visit here, sir?"

his shoulders with a raint sign, and slowed round the room—"a little adverse. Your first visit here, sir?"

"You could hardly have been here since your boy-bood without my knowledge. It very seldom happens that anybody—of any pretensions—any pretensions—comes here without being presented to me."

"As many as forty or fifty in a day have been introduced to my brether," said Frederick, faintly lighting up with a ray of pride.

"Yes!" the Father of the Marshalsea assented.

"We have even exceeded that number. On a fine Sunday in term time, it is quite a Levee—quite a Levee. Amy, my dear, I have been trying half the day to remember the name of the gentleman from Cambelwell who was introduced to me last Christmas week, by that agreeable coal-merchant who was remanded for six months."

"I don't remember his name, father."

"Frederick dowbred if he had ever heard it. No one could doubt that Frederick was the last person upon earth to put such a question to, with any hope of information."

"I mean," said his brother, "the gentleman who

I p.can," said his brother, "the gentleman who did that handsome action with so much delicary. Ha!
Tush! Tre name has quite escaped me. Mr. Clennam, as I have heppened to mentions handsome and deficate action, you may like, perhaps, to know what

deficate action, you may like, perhaps, to another it was."

"Very much." said Arther, withdrawing his eyes from the delicate head beginning to droop, and the pale face with a new solicitude exaling over in.

"It is so generous, and shows so much fine feeling, that it is almost a duty to mention it. I said at the time that I always would mention it on every suitable occasion, without regard to personal sensitiveness. A well—s—n'e of to use to disguise the fact—you must know. Mr. Clemam, that it does sometimes occur that people who come here, desire to offer some little—Testmonial—to the Father of the place."

These her hand upon his arm in mute entreaty half

Bitle—Testimonial—to the Father of the place."

To see her hand upon his arm in mute entreaty half repressed, and her timid little shrinking figure turning away, was to see a sad, sad sight.

"Sometimes," he went on in a low, soft voice, agitated, and clearing his throat every now and then; "sometimes—hem—it takes one shape and sometimes another; but it is generally—ha—Money. And it is, I cannot but confess it, it is too often—hem—acceptable. This gentleman that I refer to, was presented to me, Mr. Clennam, in a manner highly gratifying to my feelings, and conversed not only with great politeness, but with great—ahem—information." All this time, though he-had finished his supper, he was nervously going about his plate with his knife and fork, as if

some of it were still before him. "Rappeared from conversation that he had a garden, though he was delicate of mentioning it at first, as gardens are—hem—are not accessible to me. But it came out, through my admiring a very fine cluster of geranium—beautifal cluster of geranium to be sure—which he had brought from his conservatory. On my taking notice of its rich color, he showed me a piece of paper round it, on which was written 'For the Father of the Marshalsea,' and presented it to me. But this was—hem—not all. He made a particular request, on taking leave, that I would remove the paper in half-an-hour. I—ha—I did so: and I found that it contained—ahem—two gaineas. I assure you, Mr. Clennam, I have received—hem—Testimonials in many wavs, and of many degrees of value, and they have always been—ha—unfortunately acceptable; but I was never more pleased than with this—ahem—this particular Testimonial."

Atthur was in the act of saying the little he could say on such a theme, when a bell began to ring, and footsteps approached the door. A pretty girl of a far better figure, and much more develsped than Little Derrit, though looking much younger in the face when the two were observed together, stopped too.

"Mr. Clennam, Fanny. My eklest daughter and my son, Mr. Clennam, Tanny. My eklest daughter and my son, Mr. Clennam, The bell is a signal for visitors to retire, and so they have come to say good night: that there is plenty of time, plenty of time, Girls, Mr. Clennam will excuse any household business you may have together. He knows, I dare say, that I have but one room here."

"I only want my clean dress from Amy, father,"

have together. He knows, I dare say, that I have but one room here."

"I only want my clean dress from Amy, father," said the second girl.

"And I my clothes," said Tip.

Amy opened a drawer in an old piece of furniture that was a chest of drawers above, and a bedstead below, and produced two little bundles, which she handed to her brother and sister. "Mended and made up!" Clennam heard the sister ask in a whisper. To which Amy answered "Yes." He had risen now, and took the opportunity of glancing round the room. The bare walls had been colored green, evidently by an unskilled hand, and were poorly decorated with a few prints. The window was curtained, and the floor carpeted; and there were shelves, and pegs, and other such conhand, and were poorly decorated with a few prints. The window was curtained, and the floor carpeted; and there were shelves, and pegs, and other such conveniences, that had accumulated in the course of years. It was a close, confined room, poorly furnished; and the chimney smoked to boot, or the tin screen at the top of the fireplace was superfluous; but constant, pains and care had made it neat, and even, after its kind, comforable.

All the while the bell was ringing, and the uncle was agxious to go. "Come Francy, come Francy," he said, with his ragged clarionet case under his arm; "the lock, child, the lock!"

Fanny bade her father good night, and whisked off sirily. Tip had already clattered down stairs. "Now, Mr. Clennam," said the uncle, looking back as he shuffled out after them, "the lock, Sir, the lock."

Mr. Clennam had two things to do before he followed; one, to offer his testimonial to the Father of the Marchalsea, without giving pain to his child; the other

Marshalsea, without giving pain to his child; the other to say something to that child, though it were but a word in explanation of his baving come there.

"Allow me, said the Father, "to see you down

dairs." She had slipped out after the rest, and they were She had shipped out after the rest, and they were alone, "Not on any account," said the visitor, hurriedly "Pray allow me to—"chink, chink, chink.
"Mr. Clennam, said the Father, "I am deeply, deeply—" But his visitor had shut up his hand to stop the chinking, and bad gone down stairs with great

He saw no Little Dorrit on his way down, or

He saw no Little Dorrit on his way down, or in the yard. The last two or three stragglers were hurrying to the lodge, and he was following, when he caught sight of her, in the doorway of the first house from the entrance. He turned back hastily.

"Pray forgive me," he said, "for speaking to you here: pray forgive me for coming here at all! I followed you te-night. I did so, that I might endeavor to render you and your family some service. You know the terms on which I and my mother are, and may not be surprised that I have preserved our distant relations at her house, lest I should unintentionally make her jealous or resentful, or do you any injury in her estimation. What I have seen here, in this short time has grently increased my heartfelt wish to be friend to you. It would recompense me for much disappointment if I could hope to gam your confidence. She was seared at first, but seemed to take courage while he spoke to her.

while he spoke to her.

"You are very good, sir. You speak very earnestly to me. But I—but I wish you had not watched e."
He understood the emotion with which she said it, to

arise in her father's behalf; and he respected it, and was silent.
"Mrs. Clennam has been of great service to me; I "Mrs. Clennam has been of great service to me; I den't know what we should have done without the employment she has given me; I am afraid it may not be a good return to become secret with her; I can say no more to-night, sir. I am sure you intend to be kind to us. Thank you, thank you."

"Let me ask you one question before I leave. Have you known my mother long?"

"I think two years, sir.—The bell has stopped."

How did you know her first? Did she send here for you?"

"No. She does not even know that I live has

No. She does not even know that I live here.

"No. She does not even know that I live here. We have a friend, father and I—a poor laboring man, but the best of friends—and I wrote out that I wished to do needlewook, and gave his address. And he go what I wrote out displayed at a few places where i cost nothing, and Mrs. Clennam found me that way, and sent for me. The gate will be locked, sir! "She was so tremulous and agitated, and he was so moved by compassion for her, and by deep interest in her story as it dawned upon him, that he could soarcely tear himself away. But the stoppage of the bell, and the quiet in the prison, were a warning to depart; and with a few hurried words of kindness he left her gliding back to her father. But he had remained too late. The inner gate was

knocking with his hand, he was standing there w the disagreeable conviction upon him that he had to get through the night, when a voice accosted him from

"Caught, eh?" said the voice. "You won't go home till merning. Oh! It's you, is it, Mr. Clemann!" The voice was Tips; and they stood locking at one another in ite prison-yard, as it began to rain. "You've done it," observed Tip; "you must be than er than that next time."
"But you are locked in too," said Arthur.

"That you are locked in too," said Arthur.

"I believe I am," said Tip, sarcastically. About!
Put not in your way. I belong to the shop, only my
sister has a theory that our governor must never know
it. I don't see why, myself."

"Can I get any shelter?" asked Arthur. "What
had I better do?"

"We had better get hold of Amy, first of all," said

Tip, referring any difficulty to

Tip, referring any dimensity to her, as a matter of course.

"I would rather walk about all night—it's not much to do—than give that trouble."

"You needn't do that, if you don't mind paying for a bed. If you don't mind paying, they'll make you up one on the Snuggery table, under the circumstances. If you'll come along, I'll introduce you there."

As they passed down the yard, Arthar looked up at the window of the room be had lately left, where the light was still burning. "Yes, Sr," said Tip, following his glance. "That's the governor's. Sae'll at with him for another hour reading yesterday's paper to him, or something of that sort; and then she if come out like a little ghost, and vanish away without a sound."

"I don't understand you."

"The governor sleeps up in the room, and she has a lodging at the turnkey's. First house there," said Tip, pointing out the doorway into which she had retired. "First house, sky parlor. She pays twice as much for it as she would for one twice as good outside. But she stands by the governor, poor dear girl, day and night."

it as she would for one twice as good outside. But she stands by the governor, poor dear girl, day and night."
This brought them to the tevern-establishment at the upper end of the prison, where the collegians had just vacated their social evening club. The apartment on the ground-floor in which it was held was the Sauggery in question; the presidential tribune of the chairman, the pewtrapets, glasses, pipes, tobacco-ashes, and general flavor of members, were still as that convivial general level of members, were still as that convivial institution had left them on its adjournment. The Snuggery had two of the qualities popularly held to be essential to group for ladies, in respect that it was hot and a roup; but in the third point of analogy, requiring planty of it, the Snuggery was defective: being but a

planty of it, the Songgery was defective: being but a cosped-up apartment.

The undecustomed visitor from outside naturally asamed everybody here to be prisoners—landlord, waiter, bermaid, potboy, and all. Whether they were or not, did not appear; but they all had a weedy look. The keeper of a chandler's shop in a front parlor, who took in gentlemen boarders, lent his assistance in making the bed. He had been a tailor in his time, and had kept a phaeton, he said. He boasted that he stood up litigiously for the interests of the college; and he had undefined and undefinable ideas that the marshal intercepted a "Fund," which ought to come to the collegians. He liked to believe this, and always impressed the shadowy grievance on new comers and strangers; though he could not, for his life, have explained what Fund he meant, or how the notion had got rooted in his soul. He had fully convinced himself, notwithstanding, that his own proper share of the got rooted in his soul. He had fully convinced himself, notwithstanding, that his own proper share of the Fund was three and ninepence a week; and that in this amount he, as an individual sollegian, was swindled by the marshal, regularly every Monday. Apparently, he helped to make the bed, that he might not lose an opportunity of stating this case; after which unloading of his mind, and after announcing (as it seemed he always did, without anything coming of it), that he was going to write a letter to the papers and show the marshal up, he fell into miscellaneous conversation with the rest. It was evident from the general tone of the whole party that they had come to regard insolvency

as the normal state of mankind, and the payment o

as the normal state of mankind, and the payment of debts as a disease that occasionally broke out.

In this strange scene, and with these strange specters fitting about him, Arthur Cleanam looked on at the perpetrations, as if they were part of a dream. Pending which, the long-insisted Tip, with an awful enjoyment of the Sanggery's recourses, pointed out the common kitchen fire maintained by subscription of collegians, the boiler for hot water supported in like manner, and other premises generally tending to the deduction that the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise, was to come to the Marshalses.

The two tables put together in a corner, were, at length, converted into a very fair bed; and the stranger was left to the Windsor chairs, the presidential tribune, the beery atmosphere, sawdust, pipe-lights, spittoons and repose. But the last item was long, long, long, in linking itself to the rest. The neverity of the place, the coming upon it without preparation, the sense of being locked up, the remembrance of that room up stairs, of the two brothers, and, above all, of the returning childish form, and the face in which be now saw years of insufficient food, if not of want, kept him waking and unbappy.

Speculations, too, bearing the strangest relations toward the prison, to a laway concerning the prison, ran like nightmares through his mind while he lay awake. Whether coffins were kept ready for peeple who might die there, where they were kept, how they were kept, where people who died in the prison were buried, how they were taken out, what forms were observed, whether an implacable creditor could arrest the dead? As to ceaping, what chances there were of escape? Whether a prisoner could scale the walls with a cord and grapple, how he would descend upon the other side: whether he could alight on a housetop, steal down a staircase, let himself out at a door, and get lest in the crowd? As to fire in the prison, if one were to break out while he lay there?

And these involuntary starts of fancy were, after all, b

[END OF PART IL.]

FIRES.

FIRE IN WILLIAM STREET-SEVERAL PERSONS BURNED. At 7 o'clock on Saturday night a camphene-lamp ex-ploded in the second story, back room, of the building

No. 184 William street, occupied by Mr. Steinle as bakery and dwelling, and the burning material, being scattered about the apartment, set fire to the furniture. Mr. Steinle, Jane, his wife, Mary B. Steinle, sister of Mr. S., Marian Gray, the wife's sister, and a man named Henry Fisher, were badly burned in attempt-ing to extinguish the fire. Four of them were con-veyed to the New-Yerk Hospital, Henry Fisher being taken to the Fourth Ward Station-House. Mrs. Steinle's injuries are of a very serious nature. Capt. Ditchett of the Fourth Ward, with a posse of his men, was early on the ground and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. A bed and bureau and other articles of furniture were destroyed, but no damage of consequence was done the building. Loss about \$50. But for the timely arrival of the police the occupants of the building would doubtless have been burned to

About 1 o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in the piano-forte manufactory of Steindale & Son, No. 199 Hester street. The flames were soon subdued by the firemen of the Vth District, not, however, before damage to the amount of nearly \$2,000 was sus-

tained. Mesers. S. & Son are insured for \$6,000 in the St. Nicholas, St. Marks, Enterprise, Mechanics and Traders' of Philadelphia, and Hamilton Insurance Companies. Their loss in stock, pianos and material is about \$1,500. The building, which is damaged to the amount of \$200, is fully insured in the Rutgers

Insurance Company. Origin of fire unknown. Yesterday evening, about 5 o'clock, a fire broke ou in the tenant house No. 98 Eleventh street, owned by James Murphy, and occupied by several families. The fire originated in the cellar, as is supposed from asker, and thence extended to the upper part of the building. After some little exertion, the firemen succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The occupants escaped from the building without sustaining injury. Loss on building about \$250. Insured in the Bowery Insurance Company. The furniture of the occupants was dam-

aged to the amount of about \$200. No insurance, Two slarms were sounded for fire in the Fifth Disnict last evening, both of which proved to be false.

On Sanday morning shortly after 2 o'clock a fire broke out in a three-story brick building on the corner of Van Buren street and Classon avenue, The premises were owned by James Freil, and occupied as a liquer store by Patrick O'Rourke, and by a number of families who resided on the upper floors. The fames communicated to an adjoining brick building owned by Edward Roe, destroying the roof and dan aging the upper story. The building in which the fire broke out was burned to the ground, the walls aving fellen in when the interior was consumed. The ter is about \$2,500, upon which there is an insurance of \$2,000 in the Hamilton Insurance Co. of New-York. The loss on Mr. Roe's building is about \$1,000-fully insured. The furniture in the first house was nearly all destroyed, and upon which there was no insurance, The great distance of the scene of conflagration, and the bad state of the roads greatly delayed the engines, and by the time they could commence operations the fire was already beyond their control. They succeeded, however, in saving the adjacent property. The Fire Departments of both Districts (Eastern and Western)

were well represented. They worked till daylight. Yesterday morning between 2 and 3 o'clock the firemen of the Eastern District were called out by an alarm sounded for the Sixth District. The fire proved to be in Bedford.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

The Chamber of Commerce held a special meetin on Saturday afternoon, P. Perit, esq., presiding, for the purpose of taking action upon the death of Geo. W. Curtis, late President of the Continental Bank.

Mr. Charles H. Russell offered the following resolutions.

Resolved, That in the death of George Curtis, Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, its members have

Resolved. That in the death of George Curtis, Vice-Presiden, of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, its members have lost a most accomplished and valued associate; one who was eminently distinguished by the clearness of his intelligence, the accuracy of his howeledge, the soundness of his judgment, the elevation of his views on all questions of mercantils and commercial honor, and the singularly compact and perspication manner in which he presented them to the institution whose records attest his shiftly and wisdom.

Resolved, That the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Our tis, in his prompt and successful discharge of every responsibility, personal and official, and his shiftful and antifring devotion to the public and private trusts committed to his care, and his great moral worth, had come to be proverbial in this commentity, of which be was an ornament, while as a gratiental, the mingled modesty, courtery, kindness and dignity of his deportment won the esteem and affection of all who knew him.

Resolved, That the President be requested to transmit a copy these resolutions to the family of Mr. Curtis.

The resolutions were adopted and ordered to be printed in the city journals. After resolving to attend the funeral of the deceased, the Chamber adjourned.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT POUGHEREPSIE. - Mrs. Gordon, the Canadian lady who was injured by the collision on the Hudson River Railroad near Poughkeepsie on the 9th of this month, died on Friday morning. She was insensible from the time of the disaster to her death. An inquest was held upon her body, and a verdict rendered in accord-

ance with the above facts. Her remains were taken

to Canada by her brothers.